

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

ROCKY LANE

WESTERN

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

DECEMBER
10¢
NO. 8

BIG 52 PAGES



IN THIS ISSUE: **The Sonset Feud!**
PLUS OTHER WESTERN TRAIL-BLAZERS!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Executive Editor
WILL LEBERSON

Editor
V. A. PROGRESSIVE

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on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. PROGRESSIVE, President

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

The SONSET FEUD

KAPOW!

SEEING AS IF THEY
DON'T LIKE STRANGERS
IN THESE PARTS! WE'VE
GOT TO GET OUT OF THE
OPEN. WE MAKE TOO
GOOD A TARGET HERE!

One day, Secret Marshal
ROCKY LANE is riding through
the mountains on his way to
Pickwick Valley when, shot out
of nowhere, a bullet pierces
his sombrero!

THIS LOOKS LIKE
A GOOD SPOT! NOW
KEEP OUT OF RANGE,
BLACK JACK—

—WHILE I AIM TO
FIND OUT WHO'S
TRYING TO
KILL US!

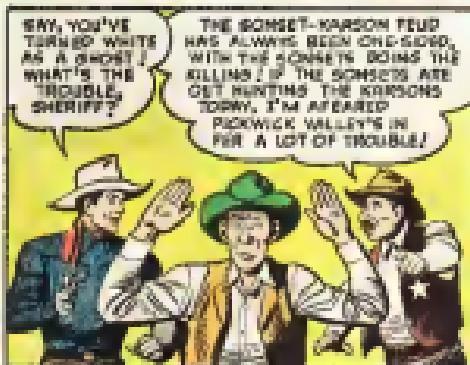
GIDDYUP HE SHOT THE RIDE
RIGHT OUTTA MINE HANDS!
THAT GOLDDON'T BE ONE
OF THE KERRON CLAN!
NONE OF THEM CAN
SHOOT THAT
WELL!



Cover photograph from Republic Pictures' THE WILD FRONTIER

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

BANG!

WAH! THIS IS EASIER THAN SHOOTING DOWN GUNNERS!

UGH

BANG! BANG!

BUT AS THE SUN-HAPPY GUNSMITS TRY TO WIPE OUT THE KARSONS, ROCKY LANE ARRIVES WITH THE SHERIFF!

MY MUNCH WAS RIGHT! THE GUNSMITS ARE ALREADY HERE!

KEEP YOUR SIX-SHOOTER HANDY! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS MASSACRE!

LOOK, BRETT! IT'S THE SHERIFF AND HE'S GOT SOMETHIN' WITH HIM!

SO WHAT? WE'LL WIPE THEM OUT WITH THE REST OF THE KARSONS! WAHWA!

BUT BRETT SHERIFF DOESN'T LAUGH FOR LONG!

QUEENIE STRANGER IS A SHOOTING POOL! HE NOT ONLY WOUNDED FIVE OF OUR OWN, BUT HE SHOT ALL OUR OUNS AWAY! WE'RE TRAPPED!

WE'RE NOT TRAPPED YET! QUICK, GIVE SOME OF THEM KARSONS!

BANG
BANG

BANG!
BANG
BANG

BOBBY LANE WESTERN

YOU GOT MORE CHOICE, SHERIFF! EITHER LET'S PICK UP OUR FRIENDS AND MARRIONE, OR WE'LL PUT A KNIFE THROUGH THESE TWO HOSTAGES!

YOU'VE BETTER AGREE, SHERIFF! WE CAN'T LET THEM KILL ANY MORE CIVILIANS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE GOES THE LAST OF OUR WOUNDED MEN, BOBBY!

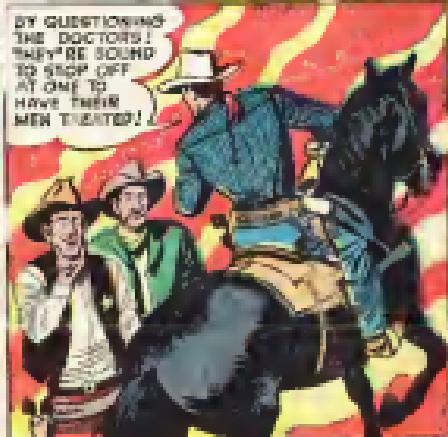
AS SOON AS THEY GET THEM ON THE VEHICLE, WE'LL RUN FREE IT!



EVERYTHING'S SET! LET'S GO!

NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO MOVE, SHERIFF! WE CAN'T LET THOSE MURDERERS GET OUT OF SIGHT!





ROCKY LANE WESTERN

LATER, AT DR. WHITE'S OFFICE IN ONE OF THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS.....

ROCKY LANE / WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT THIS WAY?

I'M WORKING ON A CASE OVER IN FORTRESS VALLEY. THERE'RE A FEW QUESTIONS I'D LIKE TO ASK THE DOCTOR, SHERIFF.



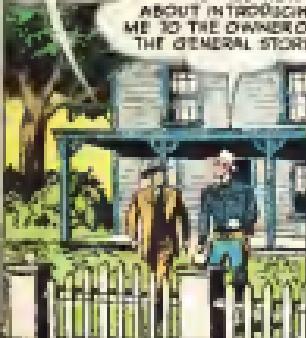
I'M AFRAID THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE / SOME CRITTER BROKE IN HERE AND STOLE HALF THE MEDICINES AND HIJACKED THE DOCTOR! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE SINCE THE MEDICINES CAN BE BOUGHT CHEAPLY AND THE DOCTOR IS TOO POOR TO PAY A RANSOM!

UNLESS THE CROOK WAS A MEMBER OF A GANG THAT HAD A LOT OF WOUNDED MEN WHO NEEDED MEDICAL TREATMENT / AND THAT'S WHO I'M LOOKING FOR.



YOU CAN COUNT ON MY HELP, ROCKY, BUT THIS IS A MIGHTY BIG TOWN SURROUNDED BY LOTS OF HILLS! IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH FINDING ANYONE HIDING OUT HERE!

MAHYES, SHERIFF, BUT IF THEY'RE HIDING AROUND HERE, THEY'LL NEED FOOD AND THE ONLY PLACE THEY CAN GET ANY IS HERE IN TOWN! HOW ABOUT I TALK WITH ME TO THE OWNER OF THE GENERAL STORE?



PETE ROCKWELL'S GENERAL STORE

SO YOU WANT TO PRACTICE TO BE ONE OF MY CLERKS? WELL, IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME, ROCKY!



THANKS, PETE! NOW, SINCE I DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT ALL THE GUNSMOKE, I WANT YOU TO POINT OUT ANY STRANGERS WHO COME IN FOR A BIG ORDER!



BUT A CUSTOMER COMES IN JUST THEN, AND AFTER HIS ORDER IS FILLED....

MAHYES, THAT'S THE CRITTER YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, ROCKY! HE'S A STRANGER AND HE'S JUST BOUGHT A LOT OF GRUB! I SAW HIM FEED AT LEAST FIFTEEN HOMERES!



THAT MUST BE THE ONE I'M LOOKING FOR-- IN THAT MARCH!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



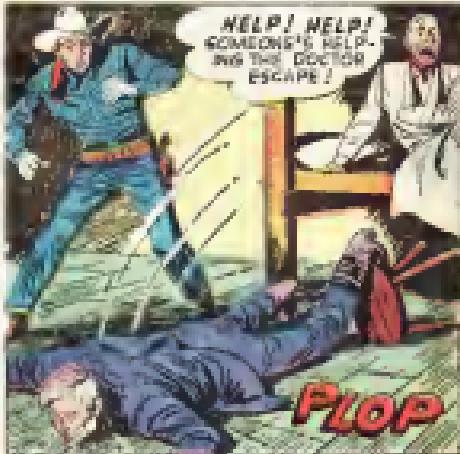
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE---A SECRET MARSHAL, BUT NO MORE QUESTIONS NOW! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE ANYONE Notices US LEAVING SO I CAN RETURN WITH THE POSSES AND CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY RUN AWAY AGAIN!

GOOD! THEY FORCED ME TO PATCH UP THESE WOUNDED MEN AND THEN MADE A PRISONER OF ME! THE FASTER I GET OUT OF HERE, THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT!

LET IN HIS ANXIETY TO LEAVE, THE DOCTOR DOESN'T NOTICE A HERETIC STOOL AND...



THE WOUNDED MAN'S SCREAMS AROUSE EVERYONE IN CAMP...

DING-BUST IT! THEY'RE ALL COMING HERE! WE'RE TRAPPED! THEY'LL KILL US---AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT!







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GOPHER FACE

LAUGHING BOY



WHAT ARE YEH DOIN' IN TOWN? YEH TOLD ME YEH WASN'T WORKIN' ON THE JOB AT SETH DAILEY'S RANCH!

SETH, I CHANGED MY MIND!

YEH CHANGED YOUR MIND? CONGRATULATIONS! ANYTHING YEH GOT IN EXCHANGE, YEH WILL HAVE TO BE AN IMPROVEMENT!

SETH, THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT!

HUH, TEE, TEE, NEVER DUNNO TELL ME ANY THING CHANGED YOUR MIND SOON TAKIN' A JOB AT SETH DAILEY'S?

I COULDNT STAND THAT LOUD LAUGHTER OF HIS!



HUH, GOSH, I NEVER NOTICED THAT SETH DAILEY LAUGHED SO LOUD!

OF COURSE NOT...

YEH WENT THERE WHEN I ASKED HIM FOR A JOB!

HUH?



Ha-Ha-Ha-Halloween Party, Kids!

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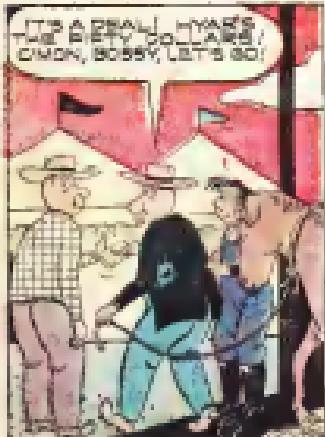
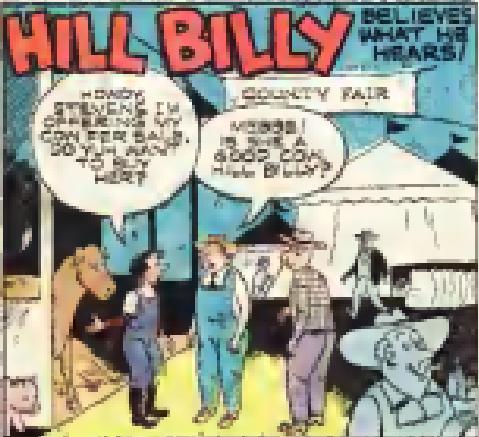
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Republic Pictures' Star

Rocky Lane

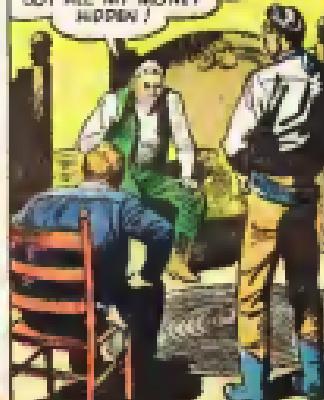
In "The FALSE FRIENDSHIP"



SINCE JOSEY POLEM'S KNOW WHO'S BEHIND THE NOTES, THE OLD MANAGER ASKED THE CHIEF TO HAVE ONE OF THE SECRET MARSHALS TAKE A JOB AS A COMPOUND ON HIS SPREAD. IN THAT WAY, EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE WOULD BE WATCHED! AND WE'VE BEEN PICKED FOR THE JOB, BLACK JACK!

MEANWHILE, AT JOSEY'S RANCH...

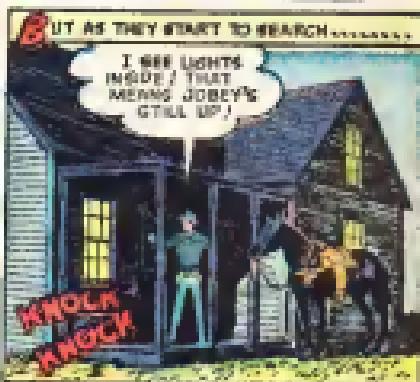
I'M GLAD NONE OF THEM FAITHFUL WORKERS SENT THOSE THREATENING NOTES, BUT EVEN SO, I'LL NEVER TELL YEH STRANGERS WHERE I'VE GOT ALL MY MONEY HIDIN'!

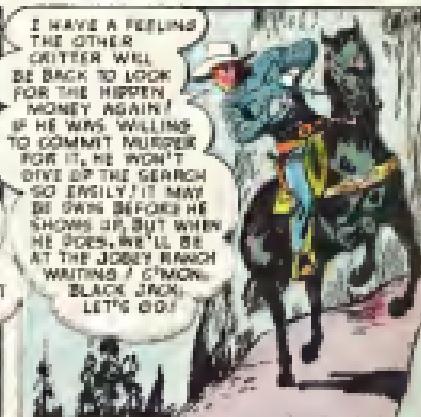


MAYBE THA'LL CHANGE TH'RE MIND J.

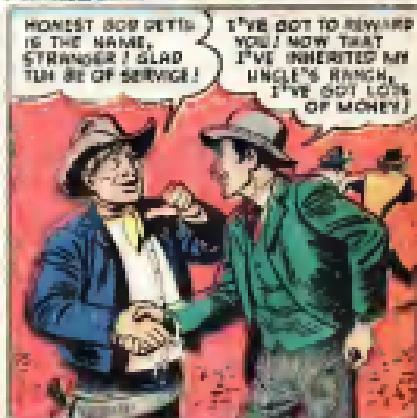
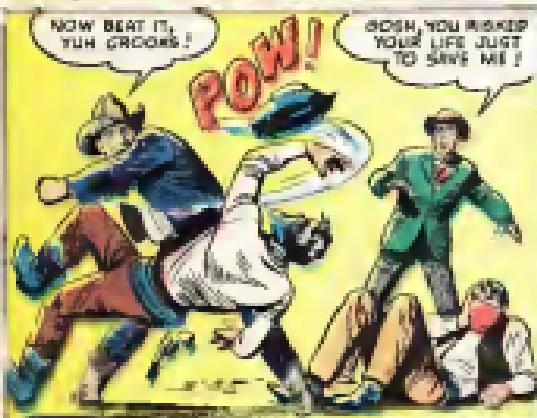
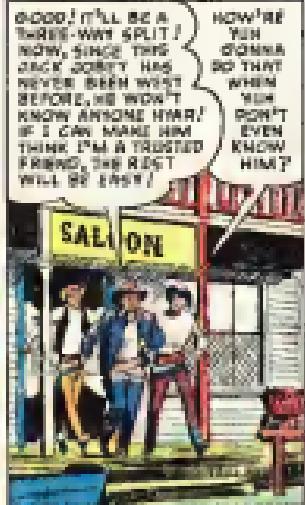


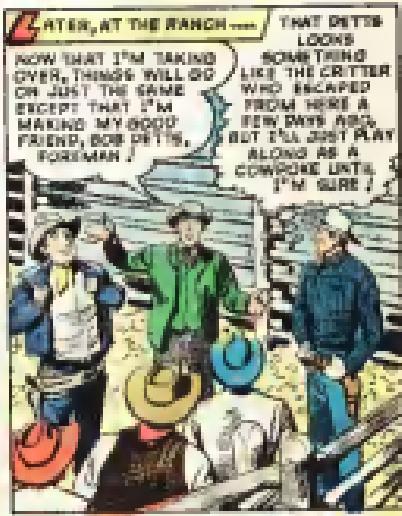
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



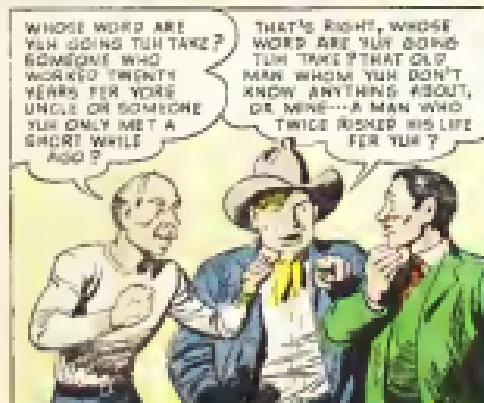


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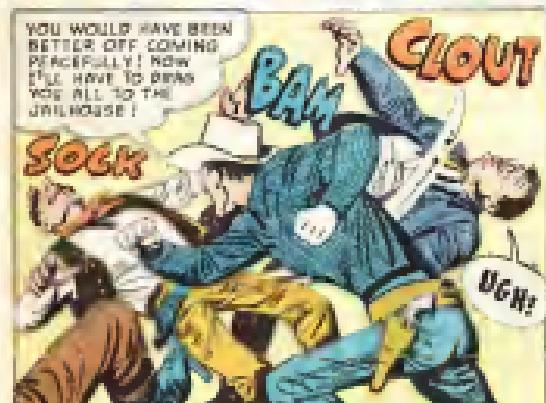




ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



SAGEBRUSH

(GROAN) LOOKS WHAT COMING -- I
BORROWED BEN, THE WORST WOOLHEN,
IN THESE HYAR PARTS.



WERE HE FRONT?
SEE ME TILL SUN
BEGOF AND SURE UNDER
THE BED SO HE WOT
TRY TO BORROW
ANYTHING VADIE
FROM ME!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT--



IS THET THE
WAY YUH TALK
TUN THE **BEST**
FRIEND YUH
HAVE?

HUNT STOOD
THET PLAKER
YORE NO
REAL FRIEND
OF MUE?



GOOD! GO THROUGH
THET POOR!



SHURE I AM! WHY, SAGE-
BRUSH, I'P GO THROUGH
ANYTHING FER YUH!

YUH'D DO
THROULISH ANY-
THING FER ME?



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WERE MADE WITH
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WITHOUT THIS
CAMERA IT
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MUCH FUN

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Republic Pictures' Star

Rocky Lane

and

The NON-PROFIT BANK ROBBERS



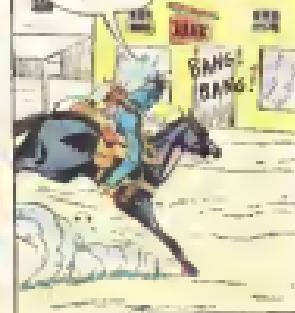
AS ROCKY LANE APPROACHES A SLEEPY LITTLE FRONTIER TOWNSHIP...

"HUM! BLACK JACK! WE'LL FILL IN HERE AND PUT THE FEED-BAG ON BLACK JACK. OLD PARD! THIS TOWN JUST LOOKS PLUMS PEACEFUL!"

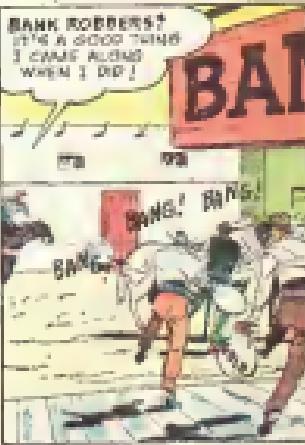


SUDDENLY...

"SHOTS! COME ON, BLACK JACK! THEY SOUND AS IF THEY'RE COMIN' FROM INSIDE THE BANK!"

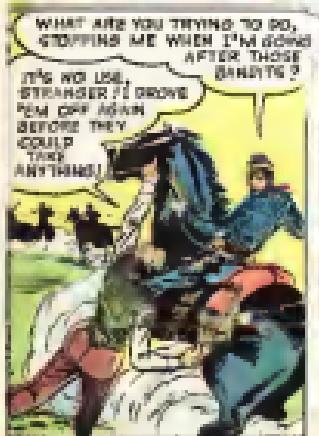


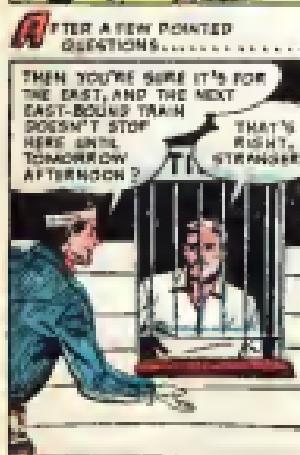
BANK ROBBERS?
IT'S A GOOD THING I CAME ALONG WHEN I DID!"





ROCKY LANE WESTERN





THESE'S THEIR TRAIL / TRACKS OF THREE HORSES IN A POWERFUL HARRY-JERKIN FROM THE LENGTH OF THEM IT'S TIME I FASTER BLACK JACK! WE'VE GOT TO CUT DOWN THEIR LEAD BEFORE IT GETS TOO DARK TO TRAIL THEM!



AFTER FOLLOWING THE TRACKS FOR WHILE...

IT'S GETTING TOO DARK TO FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL ANY LONGER! WE'LL HIT FOR THE TOP OF THAT HILL UP AHEAD...



...AND LOCATE THEIR HIDE-OUT WHEN THEY LIGHT THE BONCAMPIRE!



THAT'S THEIR CAMPFIRE, I RECKON! WE'LL SUE UP ON THEM AND LISTEN IN BEFORE I JUMP 'EM! COME ON, BLACK JACK, I'LL LEAD YOU!



LATER, AS THE INTREPID ROCKY LANE LISTENS FROM THE NEARBY SHADOWS....

I SAY LET'S SPLIT THE GOLD NOW! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT STRANGER THAT'S GOT ME JUMPIN'! GIMME MY SHARE OF THE LOOT AND LET ME MAKE TRACKS OUTTA HERE!



TAKES IT EASY! WE CAN'T SPLIT THE LOOT TIL THE BOSS GITS HYAH! HE'LL BE ALONE ANY MINUTE NOW!



SO THE BOSS IS COMING, IF THAT'S A BREAK I CAN GET THEM ALL AT ONE TIME! IT'D BETTER GET READY FOR ACTION!

IT'S ABOUT TIME!



THAT'S THE BIRD I AIM TO FLOCK—THEIR LEADER, AND UNLESS MY HUNCH IS WRONG—I KNOW WHO HE IS! HERE GOES!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



NO TIME TO GO AFTER THEIR LEADER NOW BUT I'LL BAG HIM LATER, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS!

COME ABSURD YOUR DROPS! I'M TAKING YOU FASTER IN 'POW' RECKON YOU'LL ROB ANY MORE BANKS!

YOU AIN'T GOT ANYTHING ON US!
YOU CAN'T PROVE WE STOLE THIS GOLD BECAUSE IT WASN'T NO GOLD MISSING FROM THE BANK!

HUH, MAY I FIGURE THAT ONE OUT-YOU CAN!

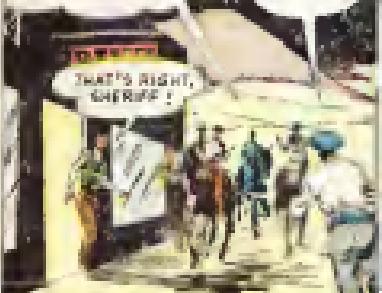
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
GET MOVING AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING JE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!



BACK IN TOWN...

HERE ARE THOSE BANK ROBBERS, SHERIFF! ALL ROUNDED UP AND READY TO BE TICKED IN JAIL?

BUT MR. HICKER, THE BANK PRESIDENT, CLAIMS THAT NOTHING WAS STOLEN!



I TOLD 'EM ALL THE GOLD WAS STILL SAFE IN THE VAULT! I DROVE THE BANK ROBBERS OFF SINGLE-HANDED BEFORE THEY COULD TAKE ANYTHING!

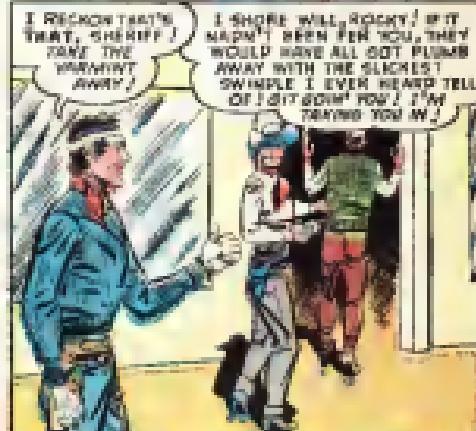


SURE, I'M SURE! BY THE WAY, WHO ARE YOU TO BET ME'D UP IN ALL THIS, ANYWAY?

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!
I'M ROCKY LANE,
SECRET U.S.
MARSHAL!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





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KILL THE NESTER



By Walt Farmer

FRED GAMMER reined up sharply and stared at the door of his two-room cabin. His big hands trembled. If he had been asked whether that was caused by rage or fear, he couldn't have answered.

"Combination," he might have drawled in his word-saving manner of speech.

Fred sat tall in the saddle. His shoulders were broad, his face bore a strong, rock-like quality. His hands were big and tough. He appeared not to be the type of man who would scare easily and yet, as he stared at his door, there was a second when ice gripped his heart.

On that door was his death warrant. Nothing as crude and straightforward as a scrawled note, but nevertheless a message that spelled his doom as surely as if it had been printed in black letters ten feet high.

It was there, a bird's nest, impaled against the door by a long-bladed knife.

Fred Cammer sat still and looked at it. A flood of emotions surged through his brain and heart. That he had long expected it didn't ease the shock. To him the message on the door read, "Kill the nester."

"Like a wretched!" he said aloud and his shoulders shook with mirthless, near-hysterical laughter. Then he leaped from his horse and tore the knife savagely from the door and hurled it to the ground.

"Treacle, Fred?" asked a voice behind him.

Fred turned. The U. S. Marshal, astride his big, white stallion, was looking down at him.

Wordlessly, Fred pointed at the nest and knife on the ground.

"Notice to vacate, eh?" said the Marshal gravely. "You aim to leave?"

Fred shook his head from side to side.

"I saw smoke in the sky, thought there might be trouble and rode on out," said the Marshal.

"Barn burned," responded Fred.

"Know who did it? Want to make any charges?" asked the Marshal.

Fred laughed, bitterly.

His barn had been burned, his fences cut. Horses had trampled his corn. But he had no

proof of anything, nothing the law could help him with.

The Marshal spoke again to the taciturn farmer. "Boy, I admire your courage, but I won't say it's not downright foolish. True, you've got the law on your side. I know you have government papers that say this land is yours. I know you mind your own business and abide by the law. You're not hurting anybody. But cattlemen somehow just can't abide nesters and there are some mighty mean cattle-men sometimes."

The lawman paused. He wasn't naming names, but Fred Cammer knew he was referring to Bradley Duke, the local beef baron, and his men. Bradley Duke was a gun-slinging cattle king who had a reputation for killing anything or anybody who got in his way. Many a nester who'd tried to oppose him had become buzzard bait.

"I won't stand for murder," continued the Marshal. "I'll clamp down on anybody, nester or cattleman. I find getting out of law. But this is a mighty big country and sometimes murder is hard to prove. If you're determined to stay here, I'll do what I can for you, boy, but you're going to have to be ready to protect yourself. Be careful."

"Thanks," said Fred, grimly, as the Marshal turned his mount and rode away.

Fred entered the cabin and threw himself on his bunk, his hands behind his head. He stared at the rough hewn ceiling. A stranger might have thought this the gesture of despair; of a man who had given up who was lying down waiting for death to come and get him. But anyone who knew Fred Cammer would have known better. He was thinking. He was planning. His body was relaxed, but his mind was active. No matter what the odds, Fred would go down fighting.

As he stared at the ceiling, he tried to visualize what Bradley Duke would do next. Dry gulching was the likeliest possibility. Somewhere, hidden partially by a rock, a rifle would gleam. Then a bullet would drive into the back

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

of Fred's head. That was the pattern. That was what was believed to have happened to other nesters.

"Well, maybe I can beat Bradley Duke at his own game," thought Fred at last. He eased his lanky frame up from the bunk and left the cabin.

Still lying in the corn patch where horsemen had knocked it over was the partly broken frame of a scarecrow. It had been one of the first things the nester had erected on his "farm."

"Doesn't scare anything," he once explained to the Marshal, "but it's company."

Carrying the scarecrow, he led his horse into a shed and started working. Presently he led the horse out again and, seated in the saddle, was a reasonably accurate facsimile of himself. Stuffed and padded and lashed to the saddle was a dummy in Fred's hat, shirt and pants.

"From a distance it'll look all right," Fred told himself. He led his decoy through the gate and sent the obedient horse ambling down the trail toward town. Fred himself circled and clambered up rocks to the ledge overlooking the road. He carried a shotgun.

As he neared the top he worked cautiously, making sure that no crumbled rock was dislodged by his footstamps. He found a crack between two jutting rocks and peered cautiously through. He saw what he had anticipated. Lying low on a ledge not twenty feet away was Bradley Duke, his rifle barrel gleaming. Duke had his back to Fred, his eyes on the narrow trail. Off to the left a tiny cloud of dust was getting larger. Fred's faithful horse was coming along as scheduled, carrying the dummy.

"The rat! He wouldn't even give a man a fighting chance," thought Fred.

"Here comes the nester, right on schedule," thought Duke. "How can these greenhorns be so dumb?"

Fred made himself as comfortable as possible, keeping the shotgun ready. "As soon as he fires at the dummy, I'll have him dead to rights," he thought. He watched patiently.

Presently the steady clop-clop of the horse could be heard and then Duke raised his gun a little, began taking careful aim.

"Oh, no! Not that angle! Liability to hit the horse!" Fred was unaware he had spoken aloud. Duke whirled and fired.

Despite a slug in his shoulder, Fred leaped and covered the several feet in two jumps. His big fist caught the side of Bradley Duke's jaw before the cattle king could shoot again. Just to make sure, Fred slammed his other fist against the man's nose. Duke sprawled on the ledge, his rifle clattering on the rocks.

"He was aiming to murder me, all right, but I don't know whether I've got a case," mused Fred, aloud.

"You've got a case, all right," said a voice behind him. "I saw the whole thing." It was the Marshal.

Not being as wood-frugal as the nester, the Marshal readily explained that he, too, had figured out that Duke would probably try to dry gulch Fred. He admitted he had been surprised to discover Fred in the role of stalker rather than stalked. He said he had lain low in the rocks, awaiting developments, but had had his gun ready to prevent any killings.

"There's no doubt," continued the Marshal, "but what I can get Bradley Duke convicted of attempted murder. It's an open and shut case and people around here have been getting a mite tired of his high-handed ways. He'll go to jail, all right."

"That's good," said Fred. "Then maybe I can run my little spread in peace."

"I doubt it," said the Marshal, dryly. "You'll be in jail, too."

"What?"

"There can be no doubt you were going to shoot Duke in the back if you hadn't got worried and excited about your horse," said the lawman, pointing at Fred's shotgun. "Attempted murderer's as bad for one as it is for another. I like you personally, boy, but the law's the law. You were aiming to shoot him and you'll go to jail, too."

Fred laughed.

"What's so funny?" demanded the Marshal.

"Look at my gun," suggested Fred.

The Marshal did so. "Well, I'll be hanged!" he exclaimed. "It's not loaded! Empty! Well, well. I guess you can't accuse a man of wanton to shoot somebody if his gun isn't even loaded!"

"No, I never wanted to shoot anybody agreed Fred. "I just want to live and let live."

THE END

SLIM PICKENS

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

HA, HA! YOU'RE RIPPING YOUR TROUSERS AND NOT HAVING ANY MONEY TO BUY NEW ONES! HA, HA!

NOTHING SUITS HIM

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME,
I'LL GET A NEW SUIT
EVEN WITHOUT
MONEY!

YEAH? HOW'S

NEVER MIND NOW;
YOU JUST WAIT HERE
AND I'LL BE BACK
WITH A SUIT!

ALL RIGHT, SLIM PICKENS,
I'LL WAIT, BUT WHERE
WAS THIS TOWN TIME?
JENKINS' CLOTHING SHOP
IN TOWN DOESN'T GIVE
ANYONE ANYTHING
ON CREDIT!

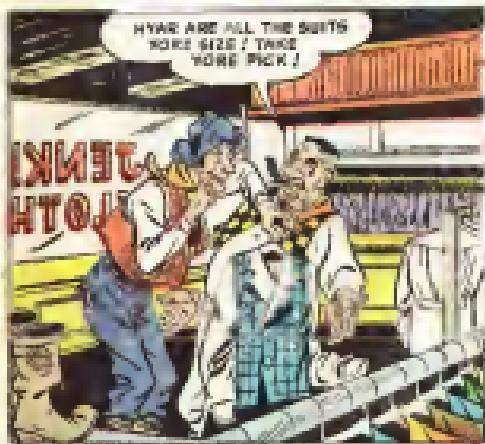
I KNOW JENKINS DOESN'T GIVE
CREDIT--THAT'S WHY I INTEND
TO STOP INTO THE BAKERY
SHOP FIRST!

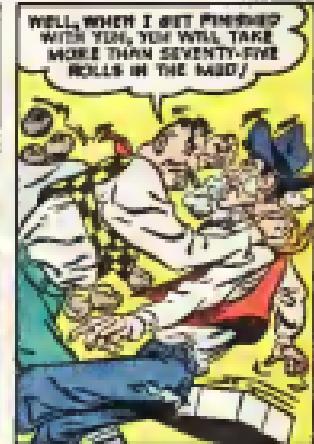
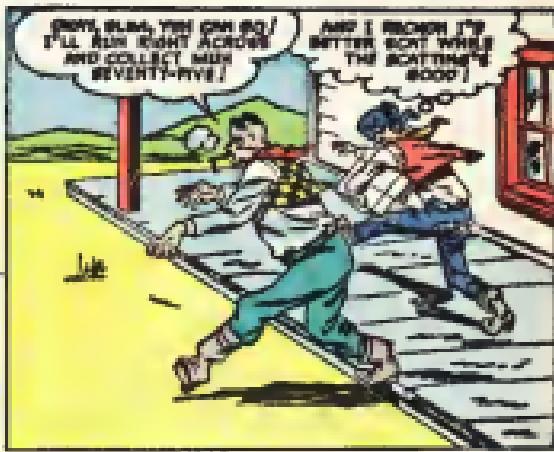
A FEW MINUTES LATER....

CAN YOU MAKE
100 ROLLS FOR
ME?

I RECKON
I CAN. I COME BACK
IN HALF AN HOUR AND
THEY'LL BE READY!

RIP!





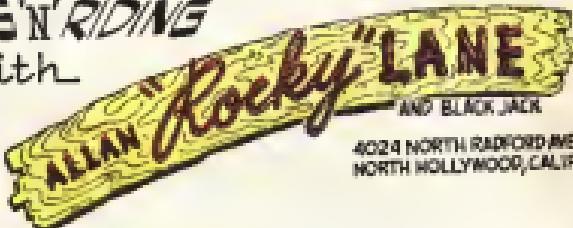
ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROPIN' N RIDIN'

With



4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

ROCKY AND BLACK JACK

HOBBY "PODNER'S"

IT SURE IS GOOD TO VISIT WITH ALL YOU FANS AGAIN. BLACK JACK AND I CAN'T WAIT TILL HOW-MOW TIME ROLLS AROUND EVERY MONTH TO SAY THANKS FOR ALL THE NICE LETTERS YOU'VE BEEN SENDING IN. IT MAKES US BOTH FEEL REAL MELLOW TO KNOW WE HAVE SO MANY FRIENDS.

SAY, PARPS, IT SURE WARMED MY HEART TO LEARN THAT A LOT OF YOU HAVE USEFUL HOBBIES WHICH YOU WORK ON IN YOUR SPARE TIME. YOU KNOW, OUT ON THE RANCH WHEN A COWHAND HAS ANY SPARE TIME HE DOESN'T JUST SIT AROUND AWHITTIN'. HE GETS TO WORK DOING SOME THING LIKE MAKING OR FIXING FURNITURE, REPAIRING THE CORRAL FENCES, AND ANY LITTLE COTT THING THAT NEEDS FIXIN', AND THEN HE READS OR TRIES TO LEARN ABOUT THE SOIL AND CATTLE, SO HE CAN GET THE BEST RESULTS BY PROPER CARE. BEUREVE ME, PARPS, THE OWNERS OF THE RANCHES APPRECIATE COWHANDS WHO ARE WILLING TO WORK AND LEARN AND MAKE THEMSELVES USEFUL. SO KEEP UP THE HOBBY IDEA, WILL YOU? IT'LL PAY OFF LATER ON.

SAY, SOME OF YOU HAVE TEACHERS WHO HAVE BEEN WRITING TO ME RECENTLY AND THEY TELL ME HOW SOME OF YOU REACT TO THEIR TEACHINGS, AND I'M PROUD TO SAY MOST OF THE REPORTS ARE REAL GOOD. YOU KNOW, BLACK JACK IS A PRETTY SMART HORSE AND HE CREATES A COMMAND WHEN I GIVE IT TO HIM BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT I WILL TELL HIM TO DO ONLY SOMETHING WHICH I KNOW IS RIGHT, AND THAT IS THE SAME WITH YOUR TEACHER, TOO. WHEN SHE GIVES YOU AN ASSIGNMENT SHE KNOWS IT IS TO FURTHER YOUR KNOWLEDGE, AND THAT SOUNDS LIKE GOOD SENSE TO ME. YOU BETCHA!

YEARS AGO OUT WEST HERE, THE SETTLERS HAD TO TEACH THEMSELVES, AND WHEN SCHOOLS WERE BUILT THE ONE ROOM BUILDINGS WERE COLD, LOG-CASH TYPE WHICH WERE NEVER ABLE TO KEEP OUT THE HOWLING WINTER WINDS, MAKING IT HARD FOR THE STUDENTS TO WRITE BECAUSE THEIR LITTLE FINGERS WERE NUMB FROM THE COLD. BUT THE OLD WEST BROUGHT FORTH SOME MIGHTY INTELLIGENT HOBBIES DESPITE THE HARSHHOODS. SO BE A FRONTIERMAN AND STICK TO THE ASSIGNMENTS.

WELL, BLACK JACK AND I'LL BE AMBLIN' ALONG, SO SMOOTH RIDIN' TILL WE MEET AGAIN IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

YOUR FAL,

Alan Rocky Lane

AND BLACK JACK U

F.B.I. OUR LATEST MOVIE ADVENTURES
HOW SHOOTIN' ON YOUR LOCAL
SCREENS ARE THE "WYOMING BANDIT"
AND "NAVAJO TRAIL RAIDERS."



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky in Lane

BLIZZARD BADMEN'S BUST-UP



WEATHER-EYE HE RECKONS ON JOINING UP WITH THE ELEMENTS AGAINST THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER AND POLE BUT HE FAILS TO RECKON WITH THE BULL-DOG TENACITY AND BRAVE COURAGE OF ROCKY LANE WHO MEETS THE DREAD CHALLENGE WITH A BIT OF "HEAVY" OF HIS OWN TO BRING A SIX-MIN SHOWDOWN TO A BLAZING FINISH IN THE SMASHING FRAMA OF "BLIZZARD BADMEN'S BUST-UP!"

ROCKY LANE, TWO-FISTED, FIGHTING YOUNG UNDERCOVER MARSHAL SCOUTS THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY LATE ONE FALL...

EASY BLACK JACK! OLD PAID I LOOK AT THOSE SALMON HEADINGS DOWN STREAM THAT MEANS THE SALMON FISHING SEASON IS ON!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THESE ARE SOME OF
THE FISHING CREWS
AT WORK! RECKON
IT BETTER STAY
AROUND JUST IN
CASE!



WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE OPPOSITE
SIDE OF THE RIVER ...

WHAT YOU GOT YORE
WEATHER, EYES COCKED
ON THEM STORM
CLOUDS YER, WEATHER;
BYE IKE?



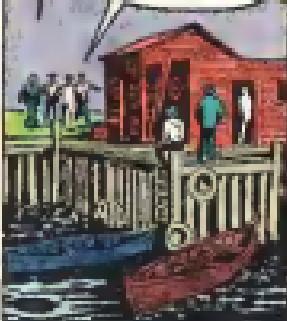
BECAUSE I KN
TELL THERE'S A BLIZZARD
HEADING THIS WAY, READY
TO BUST OUT ANY MINUTE
NOW--WHICH FITS IN WITH
MY PLANS PRETTY NUTHIN'
LIKE A BLIZZARD
HARD TO COVER A CATCHAWAY!

WHAT YOU JUST LIKE THESE!
A TEARLIER IS ON
ITS WAY UP THE
RIVER NOW TO BRING
BACK THE SALMON
CATCH AND IT'S
ALSO BRINGING THE
PAYROLL TO PAY
OFF THE FISHING
CREWS, GET IT?



YOU MEAN
WE'RE
STEALING THE
FISHERMEN
ARE SHORT-
PAYROLL?

RECKITT THE
FISHERMEN
SHOULDN'T
GET TAKEN ON
AS FISHING HANDS
AND BE OUT IN THE
RIVER IN A SMALL
BOAT! WHEN THAT
PAYROLL BOAT COMES
ALONG, WE'LL BOARD
HER AND STEAL
THE MONEY!



BUT HOWS
WE SONNA
GET AWAY WITH
A BLIZZARD
TRYING TO
BUST LOOSE
ANY MINUTE?

THAT BLIZZARD IS
SONNA BE OUR ACE
IN-THE-HOLE! I'VE
FIGURED A WAY
IT'LL HELP US
ESCAPE AND KEEP
OTHERS FROM
PURSUING US!
THESE THE FISH-
MEN LET'S GET
SICKIN'!



AN HOUR LATER ...

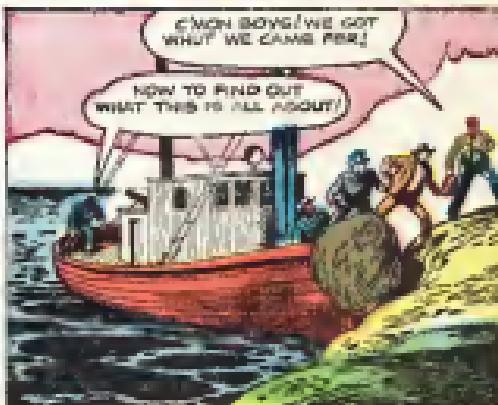
HERE COMIN' THE
PAYROLL BOAT NOW!
CAST THE NET OFF
AND MAKE FER
IT!



LOOK! SOMETHIN'S
WRONG! THOSE JASPER
ARE THROWIN' THEIR
NET INTO THE RIVER!



ROOKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THEY HIT ME OVER THE HEAD AND STOLE THE PAYROLL!
THROWN THE BOAT ABOARD AND GOT
CLEAN AWAY!

THE PAYROLL, BUT
SO THAT'S WHAT
THOSE MAVRICKS
WERE AFTER!

THEY THINK THEY GOT AWAY CLEAN BUT I AM
TO BRING THOSE VAMPIRES BACK. IF IT'S
THE LAST THING I DO!



AHAY, BLACK JACK! WE'RE
HITTING THE TRAIL AFTER
THOSE SADDLE PIRATES WHEN
WEAT A STORM IS BLOWING
UP!

SOON—

THIS IS GETTING TO BE A
FULL-FRIGGED BLIZZARD. I
HOPE IT DOESN'T BLOW
OUT THEIR TRACKS
ALTOGETHER.



WE'VE BEEN BORNIN' ANNIE,
BLACK JACK! BUT IF THOSE
VAMPIRES CAN BUCK THIS BLIZZARD
SO CAN WE! WE'VE LOST THEIR
TRAIL, BUT WE MAY OVERTAKE
THEM. IF THIS BLIZZARD
DRAVES THEM TO COVER!



SUDDENLY...

A SHOT!

BANG



COME ON, BLACK JACK! THAT SHOT
BOUNDED AS IF IT CAME FROM
THIS DIRECTION! WE'RE
BACK ON THE TRAIL!

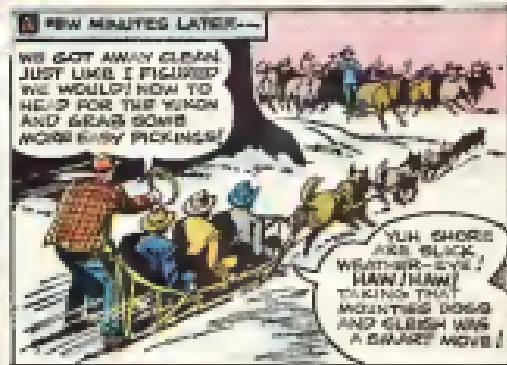
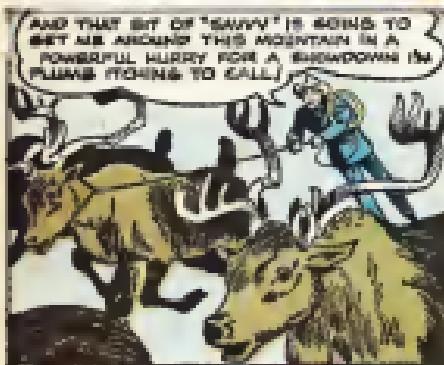
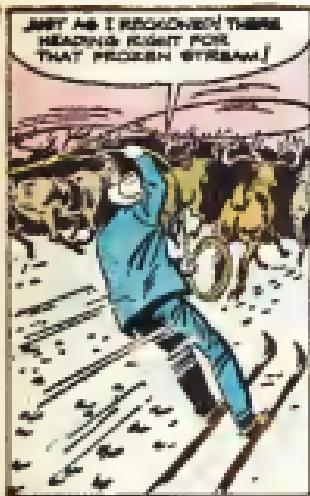


ROCKY LANE WESTERN



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Bud and Sis

LOOK, BUD — WILSON SENT ME CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE AND EVERYTHING. I DON'T HAVE TO SEND A PENNY. NOW I'LL GET MY WRISTWATCH.



YOU'LL
SELL THEM
FAST!

BUD, COULD I GET A WRIST WATCH THE SAME EASY WAY YOU GOT THAT AIR RIFLE?



YOU SURE CAN SIS, ALSO BIKES AND MANY OTHER THINGS. JUST MAIL COUPON TO START, LIKE I DID.

AND SIS MAILED
IN THE COUPON
AT THE BOTTOM
OF THIS PAGE

THANKS, SIS, THIS IS A WONDERFUL ART PICTURE THAT YOU'RE GIVING ME WITH THIS FINE SALVE.



YES! GIVING THE PICTURES MADE IT FUN TO SELL ALL I NEED FOR MY WATCH.



IT SURE IS —
I'M GOING TO GET
A BIKE NEXT.



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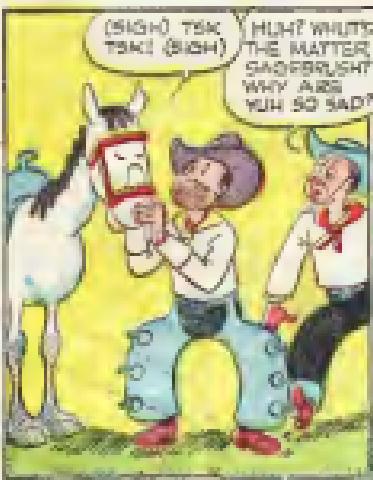
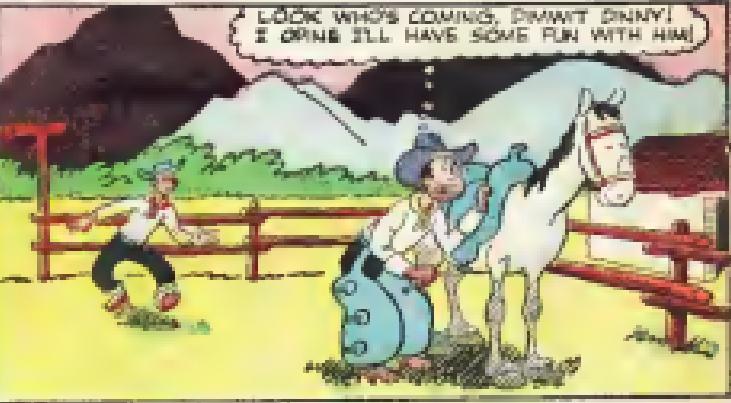
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ATTACHED

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